

No. *H. 99C 453*



GIVEN BY

Hemenway

PETER PARLEY'S
STORY OF ALICE GREEN.



NEW YORK:
SOLD BY PEASLEE AND COWPERTHWAIT.





PETER PARLEYS TALES.



S. E. GODDRICH & CO. BOSTON.

THE STORY
OF
ALICE GREEN:

ONE OF PETER PARLEY'S WINTER EVENING TALES.

Boston:
CARTER AND HENDÉE,
M DCCC XXX.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1829, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL G. GOODRICH, of the said district, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit:

Peter Parley's Winter Evening Tales.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and also to an act, entitled 'An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;" and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.'

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

Hemenway
May 10, 1935
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BOSTON:

WAITT & DOW, PRINT.—122 WASHINGTON STREET.





STORY OF
ALICE GREEN.

I suppose you have heard of Norwich. It is a very pretty town in Connecticut ; a river runs through it called the Thames. There are a good many hills and high rocks there, and there are now several large manufactories where they make a great many cotton cloths.

But I am going to tell you of what happened more than an hundred years ago.

Then Norwich was a very small town, and a great many Indians lived near the place. They were called Mohicans. Like other Indians, their skins were dark colored. They lived in small huts called wigwams.

I believe there are a few Mohicans still living near Norwich, but the tribe is nearly extinct.

Now you will bear in mind that about 100 years ago there were no such things as stages in this country, to carry people from one town to another ; you may now go from Boston to Norwich in the stage in a day and a half, or two days ; but at the time I speak of, the roads were very bad, and

almost the only way of travelling was on horseback. All these things you must know in order to understand the story I am going to tell you.

Somewhat more than 100 years ago there lived in Norwich a little girl whose name was Alice Green, who was about seven years old. She was very pretty, for she had black eyes, red cheeks, white skin, and brown curly hair. But she was not only very handsome, but she was very good. She lived with her aunt, for her mother was dead. She loved her aunt, and was always ready to obey her. She was so kind, lively, and

good natured, that every body who knew her, loved little Alice Green.

Now Alice's father lived in Boston. One winter he concluded to leave Boston, and go to live in England. This you know is a country far across the ocean. The vessel in which he was going, was to sail in a few days. He could not delay his departure, and as he wished to take his daughter with him, it became necessary that she should be immediately taken to Boston. Accordingly Mr Green sent word to Alice's aunt, by some person going to Norwich, to have his little daughter sent to Boston by the quickest and best conveyance.

I have told you that there were no stages at the time I speak of. The roads too were very bad ; nor was this all. It was now December, and there was already a good deal of snow on the ground. It was impossible to travel with any kind of carriage, and to carry the little girl on horseback so far, in so cold a season, was both difficult and dangerous. Well, now ! what do you think was done ? I suspect you will hardly guess. Alice's aunt was acquainted with a strong faithful Indian, whose name was Uncas, and she employed him to go on foot, and carry Alice on his shoulders to Boston.

She was carefully bundled up with a plenty of warm of clothing. On her head she had a fur cap, which covered her cheeks. She had also a tippet of bear's skin; and thus arrayed, Uncas set out with the little traveller mounted upon his shoulders. The kind hearted little girl shed many tears as she parted with her aunt; and the good woman also wept at parting with a little girl so lovely, and so much beloved.

Well! the strong Indian set out on his way. He did not take the open road, but struck across the country, over the hills and vallies, and through the woods. Little Al-

ice rode very pleasantly upon his back, and amused herself for a ~~long~~ time by looking at all the objects they met. By and bye she became weary, and at last she fell asleep. Uncas however strode on over the snow, and at night he came to two or three Indian wigwams. After eating some supper which the Indian woman gave her, Alice was here put into a bed of bear skins, where she slept very quietly. Early in the morning, the Indian called her up, took her again upon his shoulders, and set forward upon his journey. He had not proceeded far before it began to snow. At first the

snow fell in small scattered flakes, but by and bye it came down very fast.

For several hours the storm continued, and at length there were several feet of snow upon the earth. The hardy Indian however continued to proceed; he could do no otherwise indeed, for he was now far from any house. He strode on hour after hour. The snow was quite up to his middle, and still the storm continued with the same violence as before.

Night now began to approach, and Uncas, with his little charge, both of them covered with snow, were in a deep forest. This was a fearful situation, but Alice did not

cry, nor did Uncas complain. On he went, cutting his way through the deep snow, and taking good care to shelter little Alice from the keen cold wind.

At length it was quite night, and still they had not come to any house. But Uncas well knew what he was about. He now turned a little aside, and began to clamber up some steep rocks. Pretty soon he came to a cave which was quite dry, and free from snow. Here he took little Alice off his shoulders, and carefully brushed the snow away from her clothes. He then struck fire with a flint and kindled a bright blaze with some leaves and dry sticks. He then gave

Alice something to eat, which he had brought with him. After this, he wrapped her up very carefully, and she went quietly to sleep in the cave. The watchful Indian sat awake by her side till near morning, then for a short time, he laid himself down by her side, and went to sleep.

In the morning the storm was quite passed, and the sun shone out bright and clear. But there was at least four feet of snow upon the earth. But Uncas did not heed this. At an early hour, he took Alice upon his shoulders, and began to plough his way through the snow. He did not travel

far that day. At night he lodged at a white man's house, who kindly gave him and the little Alice shelter, and as much as they wanted to eat.

On the fifth day after he left Norwich, the faithful Indian reached Boston. He easily found the residence of Mr Green, and safely delivered the little girl into her father's arms. Alice told her father the whole story of her journey, and she did not forget the Indian's care and kindness. Mr Green rewarded Uncas handsomely and he went away. But he often thought of the patient and gentle little girl that traversed the wilderness with her arms around his

neck; and Alice did not soon forget the fidelity of the kind hearted Indian. She soon set out with her father for England, where she spent the remainder of her life.





PETER PARLEY'S TALES.

FOR SALE BY THE BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.


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Do.	do.	Europe.
Do.	do.	Africa.
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
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The Little Soldiers.	Alice Green.
The Truants.	The Trapper.

 These are all of the *genuine* Tales of Peter Parley which have been published.

JUN 2 1935

